

# MEXICO MISSOURI MESSAGE.

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## News and Comment

It is thought it will be a late primary in this county.

Strange but true, some laws die because they are not executed.

The Boers are great trappers. And that is what John Bull is beginning to think.

If a young man must sow his wild oats, better not mix too much barley and rye with them.

Faith. There should be more leisure for men of business and more business for men of leisure.

Every man should register his determination to vote this year. That is your duty as an American citizen.

Some people ought to keep their mouths closed more than the day as well as the night. True here in Mexico.

When a man gets to carrying a picture in his watch it is said that you can depend upon it that there is a woman in the case.

Some men are continually struggling for a reputation while there are others who would give all they possess to get rid of theirs.

Married, in this case, last Thursday by Rev. A. A. Wallace, Mr. Charles Duffin, Jr., to Miss Frankie Mair. They will reside near Benton City.

The county primary should not be held on Saturday. The vote will be lighter and then too it always runs politics over into Sunday. As the Slater Index observes upon this point, there is politics enough in this country six days of the week without desecrating the Sabbath-day counting returns and riding all over the county to get results.

A Missouri paper tells of a school house janitor who, worried because he was asked to find so many lost articles, resigned his job because one morning he found written on the blackboard: "Find the common multiple." And the next day "Find the greatest common divisor." Both them darned things are lost now," he said, "and I'll get blamed for swiping them, so I'll quit."

This happened at a Paris, Missouri, social function recently according to the Mercury. Refreshments had been passed around and a young man, holding his coffee with one hand and eating with the other, was making a desperate struggle to combine his knees and the chair around into a safe resting place for his napkin and plate. Finally giving up in despair and turning to a young lady dinner partner, he said: "Girls have the advantage over us in a hand out. A man's lap is the poorest excuse on earth. Nothing will sit in it." "Oh, I don't know," she answered. "I had always heard they were delightful." On his way home two hours later he grasped her meaning and turning to a masculine friend insisted that the latter kick him for a block or two.

After an engagements in South Africa the other day a soldier is said to have sold a horse for a cigarette. Yet there was once a king who offered a kingdom for a horse and got no bidders. Pious, in fact, are curious things. In the wild West travelers have seen a fool sold for a pound of butter and lambs in Australia have sold at the comparatively moderate rate of seventy-five cents a dozen. A boy, however, in Highbury, England, a couple of months ago, bought a bicycle for threepence, the no machines under about tenpence are reliable. Horses bought in Chili for \$5 or \$10 are expected to go thirty or forty miles a day and carry a bedstead or chest of drawers. There are known many cases of cheap living. One colonial spent \$25 a year, inclusive of entertaining friends and keeping a horse. The Chinese soldier gets \$1 a month to enjoy himself on. All these were beaten the other day by the old woman who was found by a British board of guardians to be living on \$1.08 a year.

A New Jersey man 100 years old committed suicide. Had he lived in Missouri, he would have procured a license, got married and settled down.

Chris Marburg of near Ladonia is getting considerable notice thru the newspapers over his successful feeding of cotton seed meal to fattening cattle.

The little banks of the country are in danger—the big banks are manipulating, thru Rockefeller, to wipe them out: like the trusts I have wiped out the little factories.

The dwelling house of Hiram Burt, northeast of Auxvasse, was destroyed by fire one night last week. Small quantity of the contents saved. No insurance on anything.

A Windsor man advertised for a wife and his sister answered the advertisement. Now the man has no faith in advertising, while the old folks think it rather hard on them to have two fools in one family.

Let every Democrat read carefully the address to the voters of the State published elsewhere in the Missouri this week urging the nomination of D. A. Ball for Governor. A pointer or two therein also as to how the St. Louis Republic does not advocate "D to C" and how it very indirectly endorses the gold standard.

The Ladonia Herald says: J. R. Williams, living 7 miles northeast of Ladonia, picked a piece of shell from his foot the other day which he has carried for 36 years. It was a rough piece of iron nearly an inch in length. When in battle during the civil war a shell exploded at his feet and this piece was embedded in his foot and has since caused him much annoyance.

The case of D. A. Hart vs. the C. & A. railroad tried in the Circuit Court last week resulted in a verdict for the plaintiff for one dollar and costs. The case came from Rush Hill, as it happened, Hart was ejected from a train at that place last June and claimed that he sustained permanent and serious injuries thereby. He wanted \$1950. Defense plead that Hart, who was unable to pay his fare, declined to leave the train and his ejection became necessary.

The business Men's Association has elected the following officers and directors: C. R. Lupton, president; J. A. Glandon, vice-president; A. S. Honston, recording secretary; E. H. Carter, corresponding secretary; Walter Pollock, J. W. Million, E. D. Graham, W. S. Hathaway and George Robinson, directors. These men are all wide-awake and they expect to push Mexico's interests the coming year.

Someone differing with the Missouri as regards that proposed parcels-post law, on the ground, it would seem, that the department stores could place their goods at a very slight expense in every town and hamlet in this country. Well, just as you like it. It will kill the retail stores of your town and maybe kill your town too. Do you own property in Mexico? Then think soberly on these things before you go over entirely to the side of the trusts.

E. F. Lamb, a London banker, is visiting in this country. The other day he said in Chicago: "English investors figure that their investments in the United States bring them an income of \$500,000,000 a year, and this of course may drain your gold surplus." See our predicament, with gold as our standard money. But, on the other hand, think what a tribute we are paying to foreigners. English investments in this country amount to about fifteen billion dollars. That is three-fifths of the assessed valuation of all property in the United States in 1890. Think of it. That is alien ownership. Money we pay to support royal nabobs and foreign capitalists. It is mostly investments in railroads. Now, seriously, wouldn't you rather see government ownership and less alien ownership.

## THE PEOPLE I DEARLY LOVE

I love the man that is brave and true, who loves his fellowman and who is ready to lend him a helping hand; who can take him by the hand and look into his eyes and speak a word of good cheer, if he can do no more.

I love the man who is rich in this world's goods and who will use it to the "glory of God" and the betterment of humanity.

I love the man or woman who will be true to a friend—a tried and true friend that will truly say and mean it every word, that "sink or swim, live or die," I will be your friend and stick to it forever.

I love with an undying love that man or that woman who will dare to stand up for that which is right in the very heavens fall.

I love the man or woman who will speak kindly, sweetly and lovingly to the erring one, and that will help his falling brother rise while the days are going by.

I love the man that will always speak the truth and "swear to it even to his own hurt." That man or that woman "shall never be moved," and God will stand by them forever.

I love that person who can forgive a wrong, and then turn towards that man or woman as the they had never wronged him. Such an one will be loved here in life and in eternity forever.

W. H. Hook, Mexico, Mo.

## Let the Man Reform Before Marriage.

"A girl should never marry a man that she may reform him," writes Margaret Sanctor in the February Ladies' Home Journal. "If he is in need of reformation let him prove himself worthy by turning from evil and setting his face steadfastly and perseveringly to good before he asks a girl to surrender herself and her life to him. Nor should a girl be too impatient with father, mother and friends if

they counsel delay in deciding a matter which is to influence her whole career and her lover's when they, with clearer eyes than her own, perceive in him an unsuitability to her."

## TEACHERS' INSTITUTE.

To Convene With South Fork School Friday Night, Feb. 10.

The Southeast Monroe Educational Institute meets on the date as above stated.

Open, 7:00 p. m.

Song by Institute.

Invocation—J. B. Rogers.

Solo—Miss Bessie Vaughn.

Welcome address—Jno. McJannet.

Response—James Blodson.

"When should a boy or girl leave a district school?" Prof. F. L. Bruce.

"High schools, how to obtain them?" Prof. N. B. Barnes, A. M.

Vaugh, G. S. Trimble.

Principles of classroom management.

Prof. J. B. Rogers and C. B. Hagley.

NOON.

Song—Paul school.

Recitations—Two from each of the following schools: Santa Fe, Doshier, Wafers, Piddletown, Duly (Audrain county), Tillet, Park, Wannamack, Stoutsville, South Fork.

"How and what to teach girls"—Miss Mary Ellen.

"What do you teach boys?" Prof. F. L. Bruce.

A prepared talk of fifteen minutes from the following gentlemen on the subject after each name: Prof. F. L. Bruce, "War with the British;" Prof. G. E. Burdette, "The Little Sam's new game;" Prof. J. B. Rogers, Social Evils; Prof. E. M. Woody, "The world's big schools."

Remarks from visitors and directors.

Adjournment.

## THE LEGEND OF ST. VALENTINE.

BY E. S. J.

The lush grapes hang purple in the sun That now was slowly dipping down the slopes. Pierre, unmindful that the day was done, Still gathered on, and bent with knotted rope The laden baskets to the doer's "back."

Then led it homeward by the garden track. His heart was not among the vineyard hills. Nought cared he for the grapes or his train. His thoughts and thoughts went far to the mills. And rested on the village of Lorraine.

For there beneath the sunny sides of France, A life lived with her two maiden aunts, Pierre had set his morning's early goal. Watched for Anna when she fed her goats. Nor turned away until he saw her go. With springing step on where were told the hearts.

And when the huge roses hid her form from view, The words for him took on a solemn hue. And thus for days he loved, aforesaid, yet feared To speak that love, or seek her further out. He dared not meet those maiden aunts who reined This sweet Anna. Said he felt his lot.

So lonely were the paths his father took, Nor was it strange to count the hours long. For in his busy brain there dwelt a dream. How he in his Anna might be true. The burden of his daughter's life was even dream. Then to the forest he went, his first quest.

In a secluded spot some ferns grew tall. On a hill seat he sat, "I love her," he said. He tried to tell his love, his heart to tell. And tried to tell his love, his heart to tell. And tried to tell his love, his heart to tell. And tried to tell his love, his heart to tell.

Day after day he to the mill returned. And gathered leaves and grass, on which to pour The sweet love from his heart that burned. He strove with phantasies from ancient lore. But nothing could be true more tenderly. So wrote upon the leaf "I love her," he said.

The ferns unrolled and spread their leafy green. A curtain, sounding like the rustle of love. Mock voices and whispers from the forest. Above each word a smile, a thrill, a glow. Forgetful of his quest, he sat and wrote. Which should embrace the love "I have not told."

One windy night it chanced that Saint Valentine While strolling to Lorraine, and just as he passed. And spying this love leaf, he stopped with him. Determined that the leaf should be his. The leaf was signed, the name was not to read. St. Valentine let Pierre's secret out.

Next morning with the February sun, When morning of love was golden and bright. He laid upon the bench of his room. A leaf, a pink leaf, signed "I love her," he said. And he fully explained "The girl, Saint Valentine, Truly love me, Valentine, I'll name."

With the morning breeze, the leaf flew out. And a chance the secret in the wind was told. Did Pierre with your love, that heart with day. Each time and maiden took his name, until. Forgotten, invisible, was the love and the name. To whisper truth heart "I love her," he said.

## A CONFIDENTIAL MAN.

They were very like, this father and daughter. Lizzie was his youngest, and although she had attained the age of 18, she was still childish in her ways.

The judge placed his hand tenderly on the little, curly head. "Where has my little daughter been?"

"Oh, I have been up to the hall talking with the housekeeper and wandering through the great rooms, and, oh, papa, she really took me into the beautiful conservatory, and I saw such lovely, flaming passion flowers, and the great, creamy, magnolia blossoms, and, dear me, I can't tell you of all the lovely things."

She was suddenly stopped by seeing a gentleman approaching from the opposite side of the road.

"Mr. Ray, I believe?"

The judge bowed.

"Agent for the St. Leon place?"

"Yes, sir."

"I came to see you in regard to it, and—"

"And you are Mr. St. Leon's confidential clerk, Mr. Hartley? I believe I received a letter from him today informing me that you would arrive this week. Yes, yes; come right up to the house and we will talk over the repairs. Shall we begin them immediately?"

"Papa, you don't mean to say you have brought him home—a confidential clerk? You know there are the best rooms to be papered and cleaned, and our pink dresses to be made, against Herbert St. Leon's arrival. Well, I shall see that he is put in the little room over the kitchen. He will never know the difference, and Blanche must look in a studied attitude on the sofa, wondering if handsome Bert St. Leon would fancy her lovely pink morning dress that she had made for his special benefit."

The door of the dining-room was ajar, and Mr. Hartley, standing before the fire in the little parlor, had heard it all.

"Mr. Confidential Clerk, you are awfully kind, and Lizzie pushed the white hat from her lap and came over to his side. "I am sorry you heard them, but never mind, I'll be your friend."

"Your friendship is very dear to me, my little girl."

"I'm not a little girl! I was 18 last week."

"Excuse me, young lady, but can you tell me something of the hall? What sort of a place is it?"

"Lizzie, Lizzie! you are talking far more than is necessary. Go to your French, immediately!"

A month had passed by. Mr. Hartley had exchanged his close apartments over the kitchen for more commodious ones at the village inn, whence he calmly superintended the projected improvements at the hall, and all the gossip exchanged between himself and Lizzie was in the course of her rambles through the St. Leon woods.

And now Mr. Hartley sat in the same little parlor where Lizzie had first vowed to be his friend, and awaited the appearance of the judge.

"You wish to see me, Mr. Hartley?"

"Yes, sir, I came to ask you for the hand of your daughter—your little Lizzie. I love her more than my life, Judge Ray."

"You can not have her! No, sir, I

Grindstone (Maine) Cor. New York Sun. The outlook for deer hunting was never so good as it is this year. There are over 100,000 deer running wild in the Maine woods this fall, or more than in all the other New England and the middle states combined. Since the fires have gone and the animals have sought the hills great herds of 50 to 100 deer have come out to the clearings, stripping the garden and fields of every growing thing. Last week they attacked a stack of oats owned by P. J. Tracy, of Standville, and loaded it to the ground in two days. There were about 200 bushels of oats in the stack. Great fields of turnips and cabbage have been eaten down to the ground, and stacks of meadow hay that have been waiting the time when the landowners could haul them to the woods have been whiped out by the fire. It is no exaggeration to say that the average hunter who has averaged 100 deer a season New York on Monday morning, comes to Maine, not to shoot and return to his starting point, but to stay on Saturday night. He can get 100 deer on an outfit of \$100, and if he is a successful man with average skill he will get 100 for \$75, or less.

Look These Deer Are Not So Easy To Kill. Before the deer season was so good as it is this year, it was customary, when a hunter was invited out to dinner, to have a deer's servant with him. The deer was spooned, or, if he was a big one, carried them to the table. The deer was carried them to the table.

"Oh, papa," pleaded Lizzie, "I want to explain."

"I don't hear you."

"Be it so," said the clerk; "come, little wife, we have each other left."



## Tobacco Growing.

A contributor to National Stockman gives the following brief instructions for tobacco growing: Preparation of the soil should be thorough, the disk or cutaway is probably the favorite instrument, and the soil is worked until it is in perfect condition. Some soils, loose and "mealy" in nature, are better if compacting with drag and roller, but in general the soil can be properly fitted with disk and spike harrow.

Manuring.—Well rotted stable manure is the ideal fertilizer for the tobacco grower, but fresh manure, while it stimulates the plant into a quick, vigorous growth, does not make a good quality of leaf, and if used should be all cases be spread on the land and plowed under. Rotting manure may be spread on top with a liberal hand, or may even be used in the hill, the latter not being the usual practice, although the manure can be made go a great deal further by it.

Fertilizers.—In nearly all extensive producing sections the supply of stable manure is far short of the needs of our crop, and "plant food in a bag" is used quite extensively. Generally speaking, these goods are bought without a proper knowledge of the needs of the crop, and usually the sale is made by the agent with the slickest tongue. If the land has had from six to ten good loads of stable manure plowed under, a fertilizer carrying 5 or 6 per cent ammonia, 8 to 10 per cent phosphate, used in the hill at the rate of 250 to 400 pounds per acre, will produce a good crop of tobacco, but let me repeat what I wrote some years ago: "Few farmers really need to purchase ammoniated fertilizers for tobacco."

Distance of Planting.—For cigar leaf, where a fine wrapper is desired, the crop is often planted as close as 12 by 22 inches, and the distance varies from this—very close planting—to the Miami valley plan of 16 or 18 by 26 inches for cigar leaf. For White Burley the usual distance is 28 or 30 by 44 inches, excepting on hillside, where it is planted 32 by 48 inches. The hills are made the same as for cabbage or tomatoes, and most planters like to have their hills made a few days in advance of a season as the plants live better in hills several days old. Especially if fertilizers have been used.

Setting Out.—In some sections horse transplanting machines are used, but it is safe to say that 90 per cent of the crop is set by hand, no special care being used as in setting cabbage, tomato or other vegetable plants. In pulling plants great care must be used to avoid injury to the remaining plants, by "muzzing" them up, as dirty plants do not grow at all well. Children do the dropping, and it is well to keep them close to the setters, as the wind and sun damage the roots of a tobacco plant in a very little time. "Cultivation" about June 15.

Wire Fences and Vines.—It is very gratifying to note that the old hedge-row is fast going, on the approach of the wire fence, and I am inclined to think that the later makes of such fence are going to be much more lasting than the first wire, which often present a sorry sight now—wires broken and seldom repaired. The wild grape is one of the plants that delight in the change, and other plants will follow no doubt. From a decorative standpoint, this is more than welcome, as there is never a more refreshing sight in the landscape than a big wild grapevine, says John Chamberlain in Country Gentleman. The Virginia creeper will also be in the new "swim" and also the nightshade (Solanum dulcamara), with its elegant purple flowers and red berries. If the wire will bear them, there are many vines that ought to be included, for instance, the bitterroot, as well as many vines that are now seen only about dwellings.

Conserving Soil Moisture.—Some agricultural experiments by the Kansas station to test the relative efficiency of different kinds of culture in conserving soil moisture showed that simple plowing while the soil was in good condition was as efficacious as plowing followed by planking, rolling, harrowing or sub-surface packing. Disking was found to be a good means of saving moisture, but was not equal to plowing. The importance of plowing while ground is early as possible, since moisture is still in the soil, was shown by experiment in two years. Early plowing left the ground in good condition, as regards soil moisture, for wheat seeding, while late plowing was dangerous. The tendency of the dry soil or dust much and its superiority in the long run over a straw mulch were strikingly shown.

The wild cabbage of the shores of Denmark is the ancestor of our domestic cabbage.